

Backstage

When the circus comes to New Haven's
Arena, I get a high & oddly-angled seat
affording backstage views. Horses prove

bitten, their riding girls have costumes
often patched, panty hems digging
mottled flesh. Human Cannonball

climbs my stairs, glittering. Curtain swept
aside & there's the gun! & he's fired! Wow!

Actually a big spring performs the labor.
Gunpowder, stinks, smoke & concus-

sion for effect. Ah well, all backstages
everywhere, seedy, suspect, torn. So

what? For up front, under true &
proper lights, the whole show fuels
the necessary dreams of hicks.